

GOLD
KEY

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

GE

STILL ONLY 12c

HANNA-BARBERA

Huckleberry Hound

10067-405

MAY



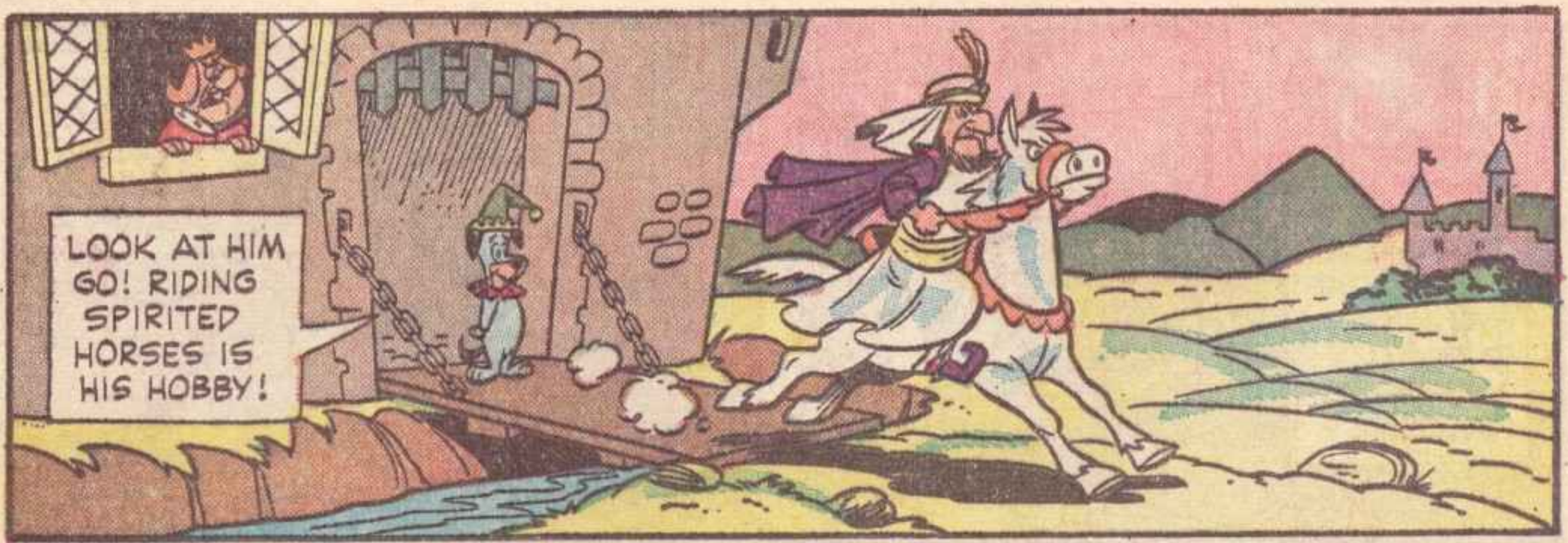
Hanna-Barbera Huckleberry Hound
The KING'S CLOWN



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Hanna-Barbera HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

MEECE CAN BE MISERABLE



INSIDE THE NICE, QUIET-TYPE HOUSE...

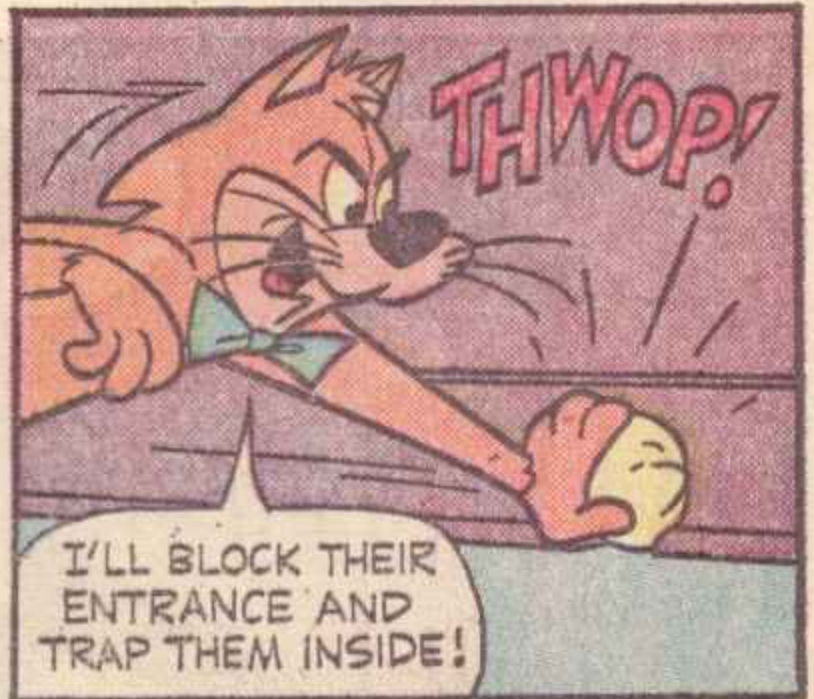
I'LL GET YOU MISERABLE MEECES THIS TIME!

HELP! HELP!



THWOP!

I'LL BLOCK THEIR ENTRANCE AND TRAP THEM INSIDE!



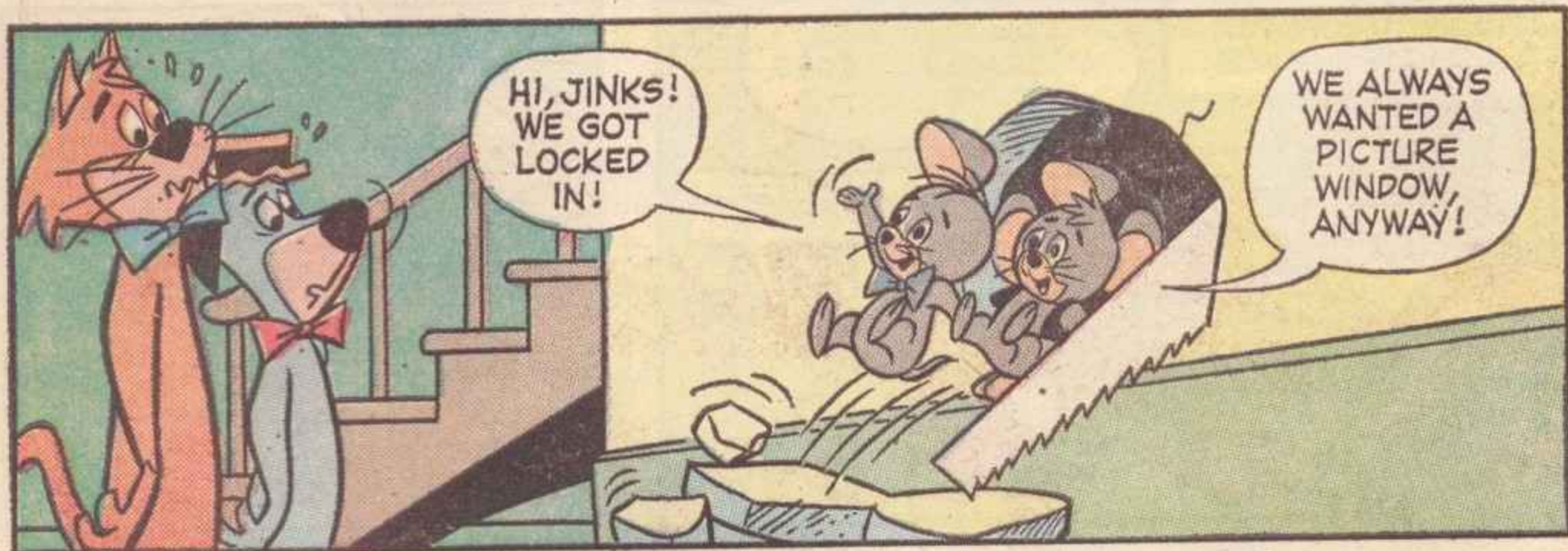
AT LAST, SOME PEACE AND QUIET AROUND HERE!

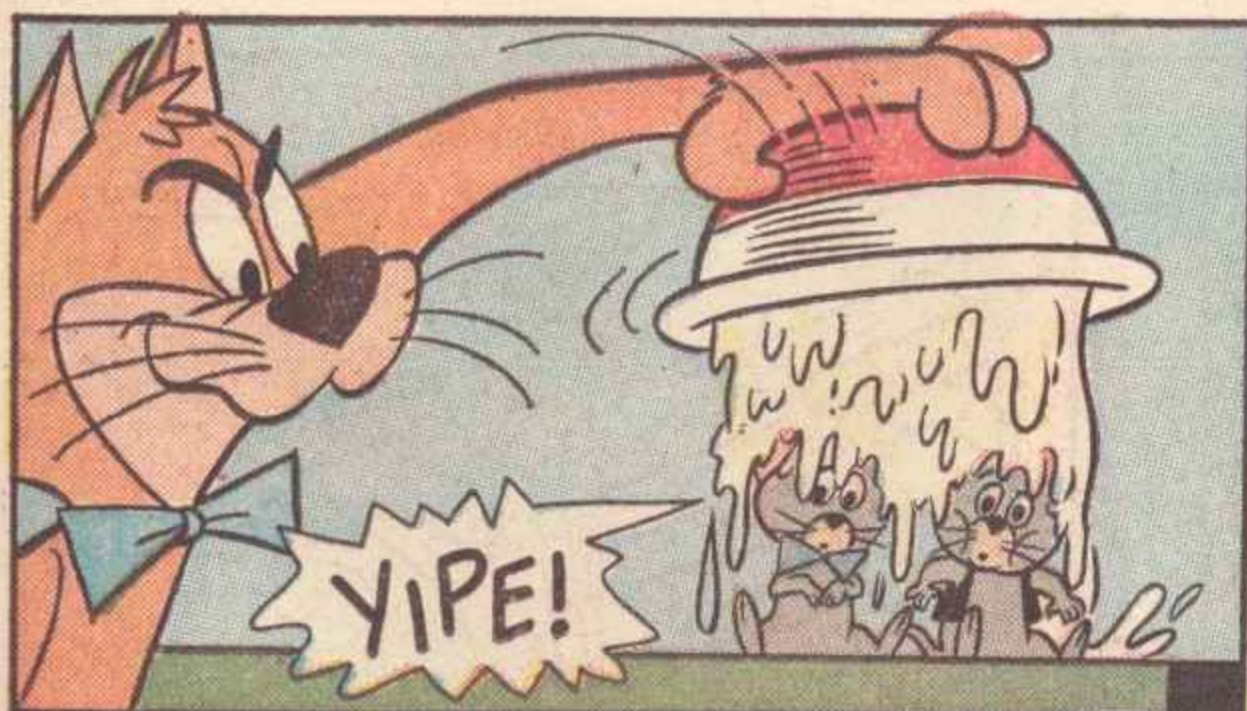
KNOCK! KNOCK!

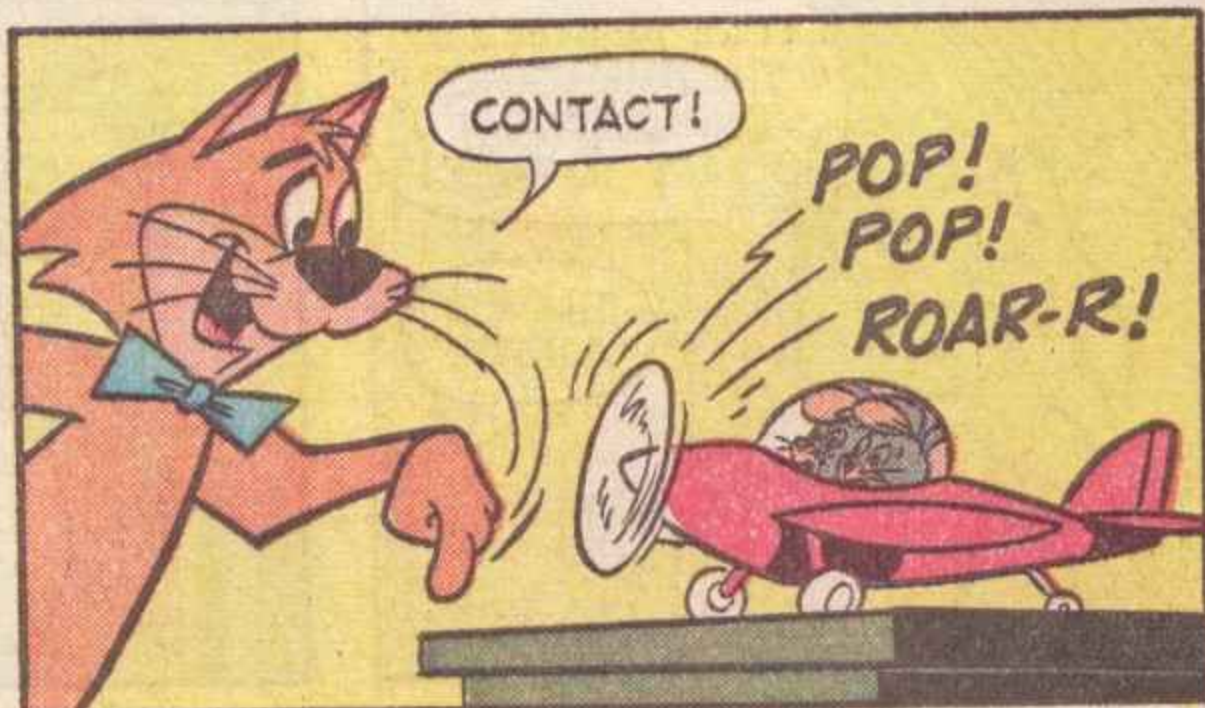


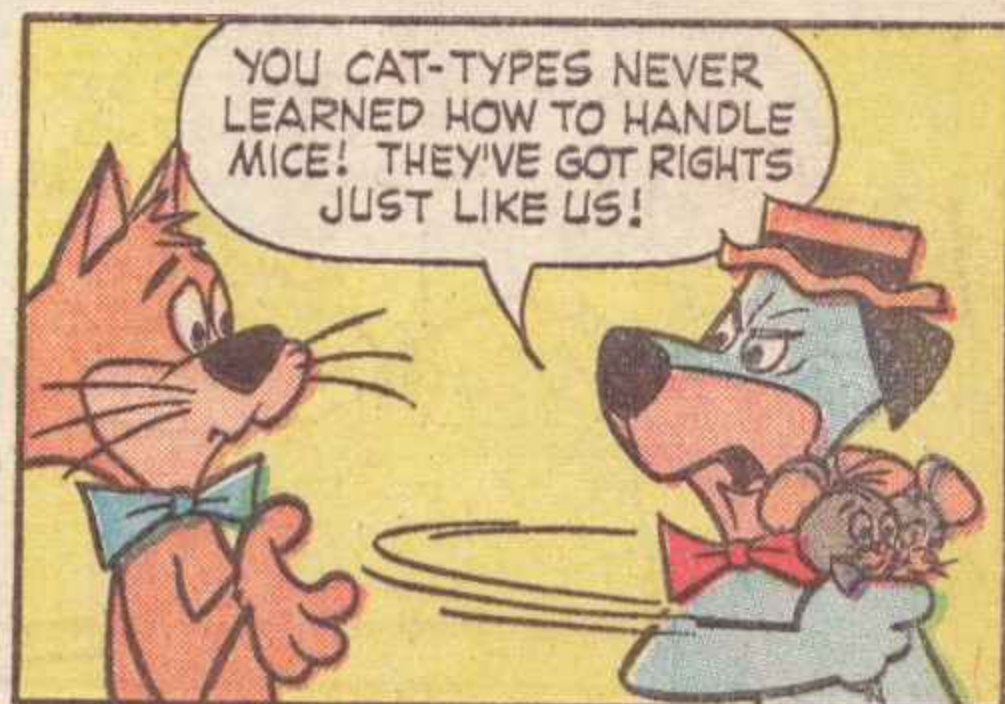
SOME PESKY, NOISY SALESMAN NO DOUBT! THEY'RE AS BAD AS MEECE!













Hanna-Barbera
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND
WHEN SPRING WAS SPRUNG

(SIGH!) A PARK IS A PRETTY PLACE TO TAKE
 A WALK ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON, BUT IF I
 DON'T MAKE SOME MONEY SOON, I'LL BE
SLEEPING HERE!



THAT PAINTING SURE LOOKS
 GOOD! OF COURSE, REAL APPLES
 WOULD LOOK A WHOLE LOT BETTER!



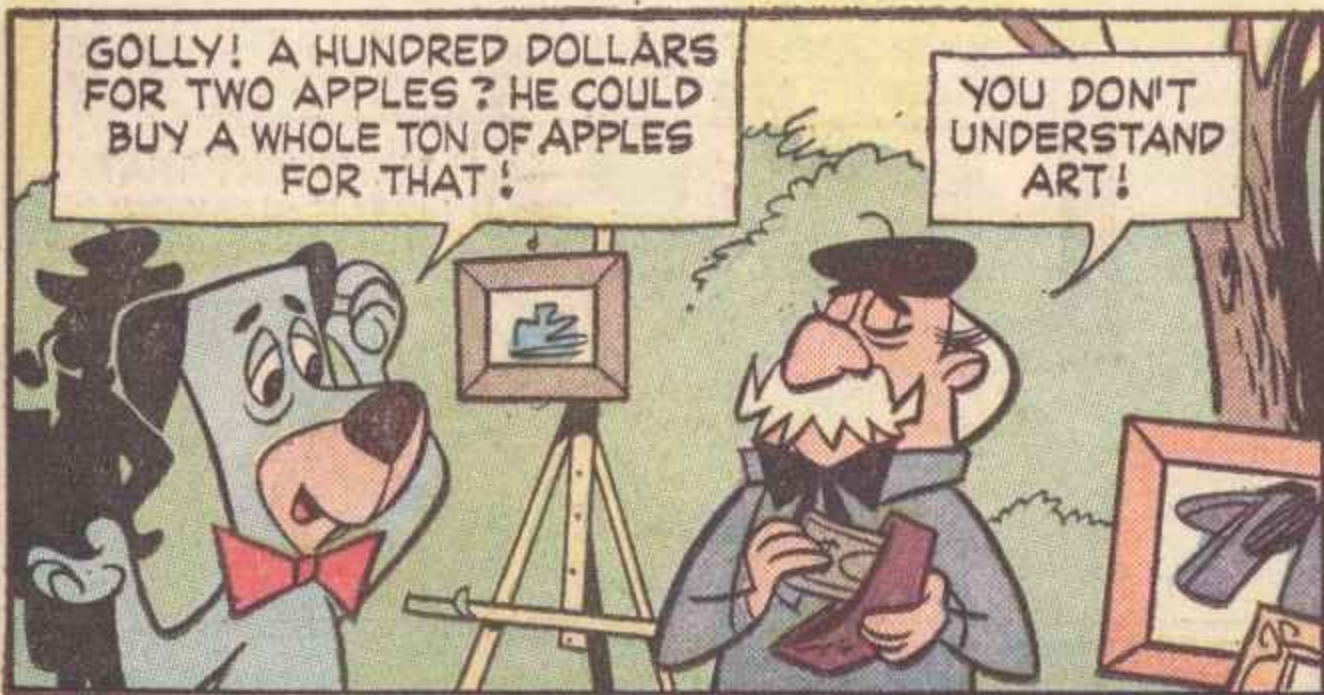
MARVELOUS! I'LL BUY IT!
 HERE'S A HUNDRED DOLLARS!

GOOD!



GOLLY! A HUNDRED DOLLARS
 FOR TWO APPLES? HE COULD
 BUY A WHOLE TON OF APPLES
 FOR THAT!

YOU DON'T
 UNDERSTAND
 ART!

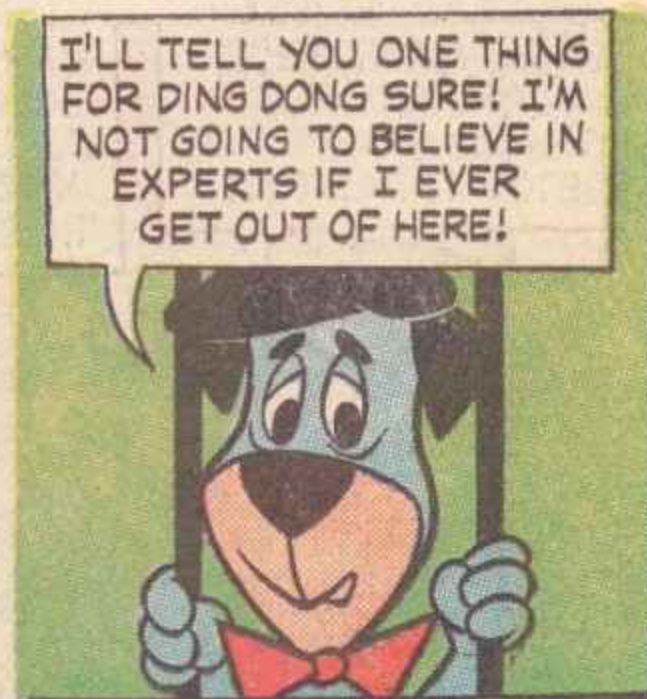


I'M *ALL FOR IT*, IF YOU
 FELLERS CAN SET UP A
 FEW PICTURES IN THE
 PARK AND MAKE A
 HUNDRED DOLLARS!









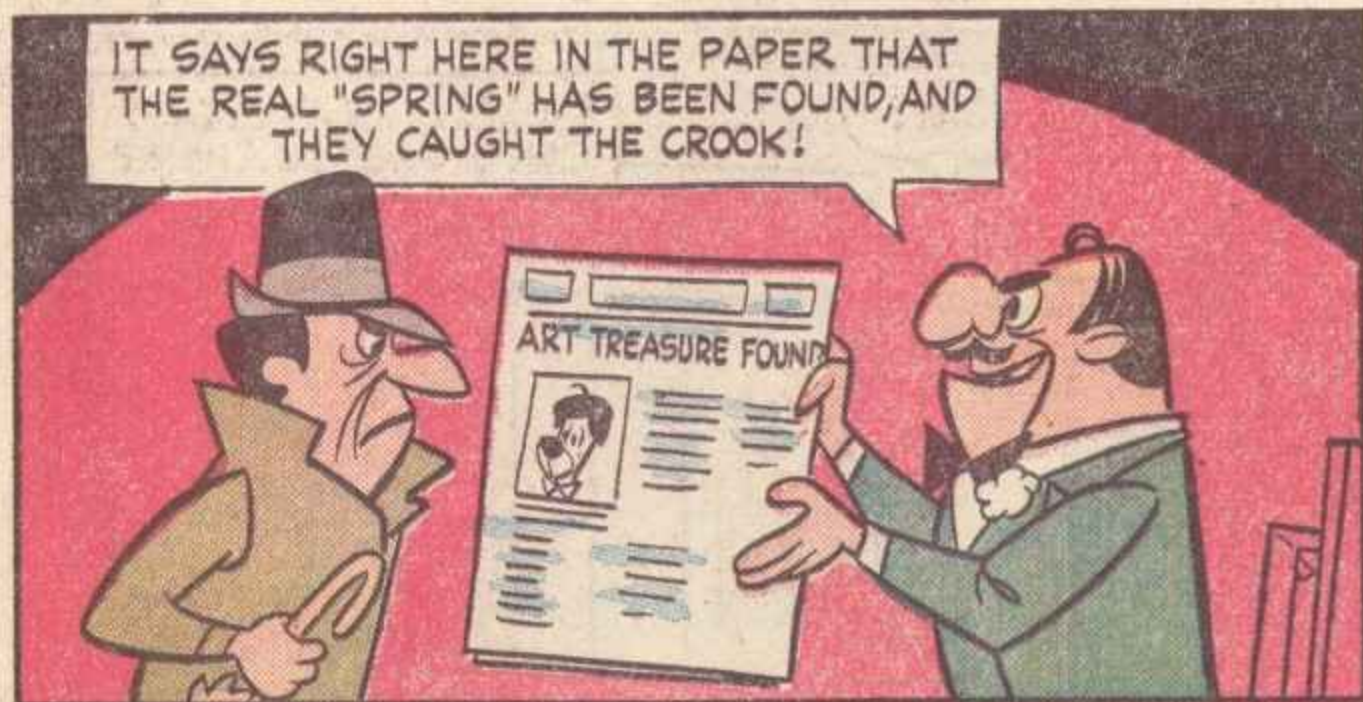
THE REAL THIEF
IS HAVING
PROBLEMS, TOO...



BUT, I TELL YOU THIS IS THE REAL
"SPRING"! YOU GOTTA BUY IT!

LOOK, SAM, IT ISN'T
NICE FOR ONE CROOK
TO TRY AND CHEAT
ANOTHER ONE! I
KNOW THAT'S A
PHONY!

IT SAYS RIGHT HERE IN THE PAPER THAT
THE REAL "SPRING" HAS BEEN FOUND, AND
THEY CAUGHT THE CROOK!



BAH! THAT'S THE FIFTH
ONE I'VE BEEN TO WHO
WON'T BELIEVE ME AND
BUY THE PICTURE!



GRR! THE BIGGEST
ART HEIST OF THE
CENTURY... RUINED
BY SOME JERK!
HE'S GETTING ALL
THE PUBLICITY, AND
I'M GETTING
NOTHING!



I'LL SHOW THOSE
HIGHBROWS WHO
KNOWS HOW TO
STEAL REAL ART!



MINUTES
LATER...

LOOK! I'VE GOT THE REAL
"SPRING"! THAT OTHER GUY
IS A PHONY!

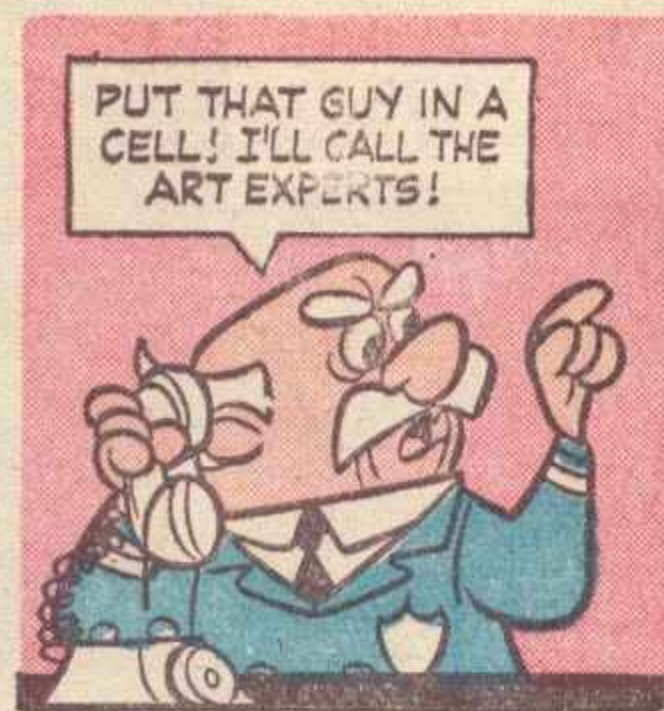
OH, NO! NOT
ANOTHER ONE!



CAN'T YOU GUYS TELL
THE DIFFERENCE?

GRAB HIM! WE
CAN'T TAKE ANY
CHANCES!





BUT, THERE'S ANOTHER
CRIME CALLED FORGERY!
YOU COULD GET TWO
YEARS FOR TRYING TO
FORGE A PAINTING!

I'M NOT A
FORGER!
JUST A
COPYCAT!



WELL, SINCE YOU HELPED
CAPTURE THE REAL
CROOK, I'LL LET YOU OFF
WITH JUST A WARNING!

THANKS,
CHIEF!



BUT YOU MUST PROMISE
NEVER TO PICK UP
ANOTHER PAINTBRUSH!

IT'S A
PROMISE,
SIR!



POLICE

THERE'S THE ONE
WHO PAINTS LIKE
CLAUDE CRUMMAY!

GOSH! I'M A
CELEBRITY!



YOU SURE ARE! I'LL
PAY YOU A HUNDRED
DOLLARS FOR A
PAINTING!

I'LL PAY YOU
TWO HUNDRED
DOLLARS!



GOSH! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO
REALLY MAKE SOME MONEY!

HMM!
I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!



THE CHIEF SAID I
COULDN'T USE A
BRUSH AGAIN...



BUT HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING
ABOUT *FINGER* PAINTING!



The End

PACKY'S PICKINGS



Packy, the forgetful baby elephant, was listening attentively to his mother.

"Now remember," she said, "when you get to the very special place in the jungle I told you about, you are to pick a basketful of bingle berries for our supper. Be sure you don't come back with something else, like wild peppers. They look like bingle berries, except for the color. The bingle berries are red and taste very sweet, but wild peppers are green and will burn your mouth if you eat them."

"Don't worry," Packy smiled. "I won't have any trouble remembering."

Packy trotted off into the jungle.

Presently, he came upon a laughing hyena.

"Ho, ho," chuckled the hyena. "Where are you bound in such a hurry, my friend?"

"I'm off to pick bingle berries from a special spot in the jungle," replied Packy.

"How nice," smiled the hyena. "I wish I had some berries to eat. How about taking me along? After all, you wouldn't deny a hungry hyena a few berries, would you?"

"Well, I guess not," said Packy. "You seem like a nice fellow. Follow me, and I'll show you where they are."

"Goody," cackled the delighted hyena.

Soon, the pair came to the special spot.

"Let's see now," said Packy. "Finding the bingle berries will be easy. My mother said I could tell them by the color. Now, were they blue? No. I know... orange. No, that wasn't it. Now I remember... green!"

"Green, eh?" said the crafty hyena, as he looked about at the surrounding plants.

"Yes. Mother told me they are small and round, and they grow on bushes," Packy replied. "Do you see any?"

"I sure do," grinned the hyena, pointing to

a small bush. "There they are. See!"

"Gee, there aren't very many of them," Packy exclaimed.

"Heh, heh, then you are out of luck," the hyena laughed wickedly. "I tricked you into leading me here, and now I'm going to eat the bingle berries myself."

Huge tears welled up in Packy's eyes.

"Oh, my," cried Packy. "I was tricked by a laughing hyena. What am I going to do?"

The hyena ran over to the bush and began stuffing the small green berries into his mouth, laughing all the while. Suddenly, his laugh turned into a roar of anguish.

"Oooh!" he cried. "These things are hot! Oww, mmfff, spptt! You tricked me. These things aren't bingle berries. They are wild peppers!"

The hyena, no longer laughing, dashed off into the jungle to find a cool spring where he could get a drink of water.

"Now I remember," Packy said to himself. "Those green ones are wild peppers. Bingle berries are red. No wonder Mr. Hyena was so surprised when he bit into them. Heh, heh, I was foolish to forget what Mother said."

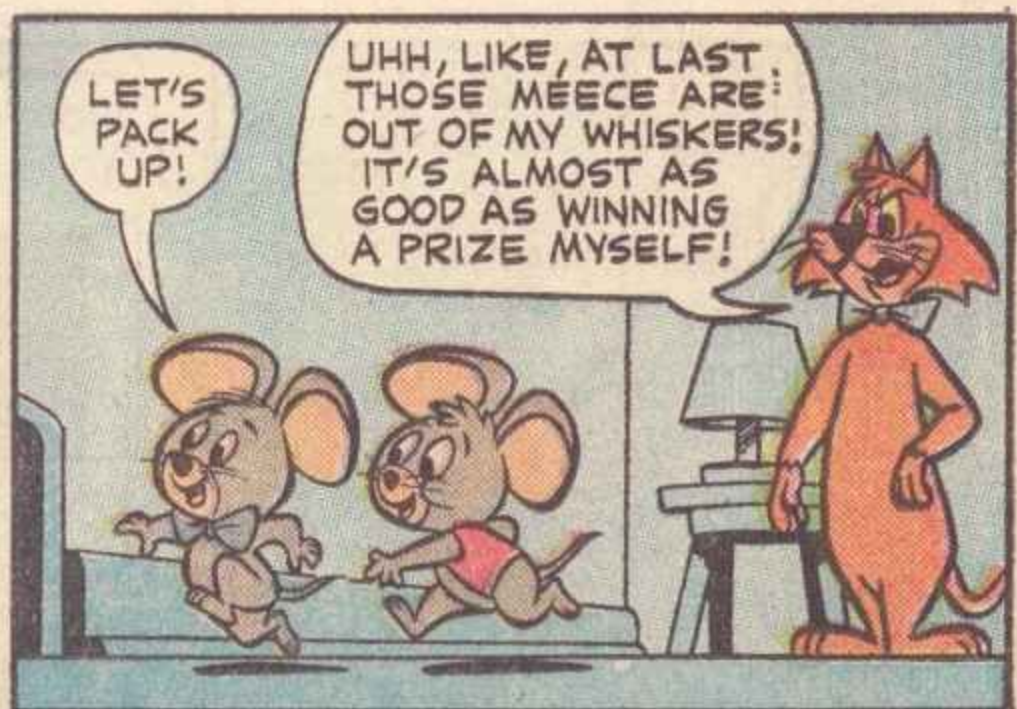
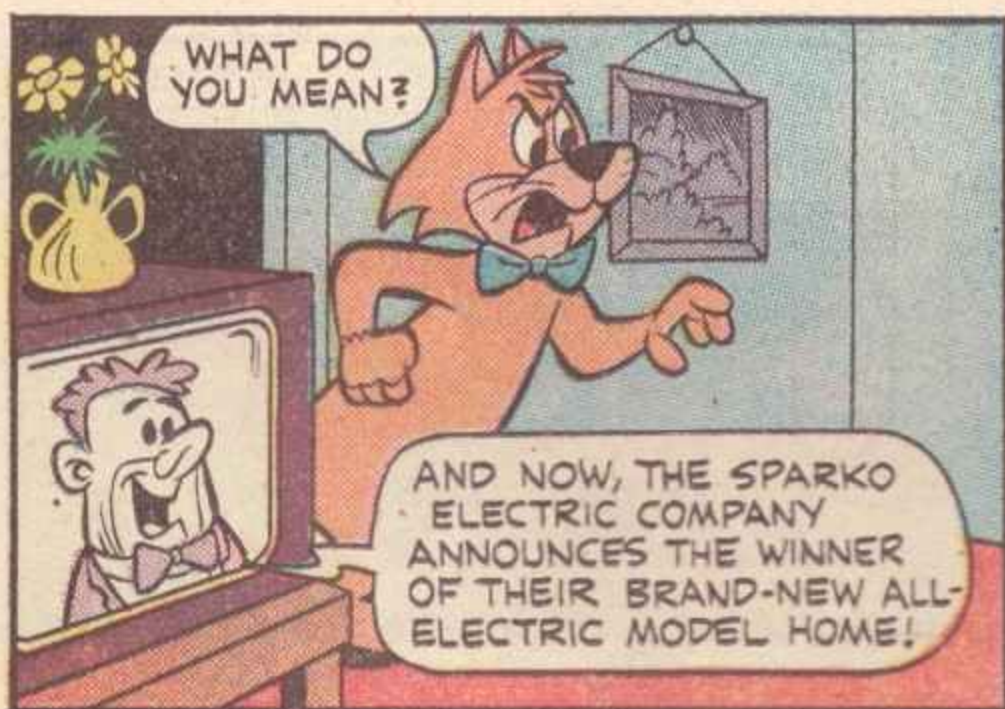
Packy found a bingle berry bush laden with ripe red fruit. He filled his basket and then hurried home.

Later, after Packy, his mother, and his father had enjoyed a delicious meal of nice bingle berries, Packy's mother said, "That certainly was smart of you to get the right thing today, Packy. It's surprising that you didn't come back with wild peppers."

"Oh, but a surprise is the reason I remembered correctly," Packy laughed.

With that, they all had a good laugh, but for some reason, Packy seemed to be laughing the hardest of all.

Hanna-Barbera
Pixie, Dixie and Mr. Jinks
NIGHTMARE IN THE DAYTIME



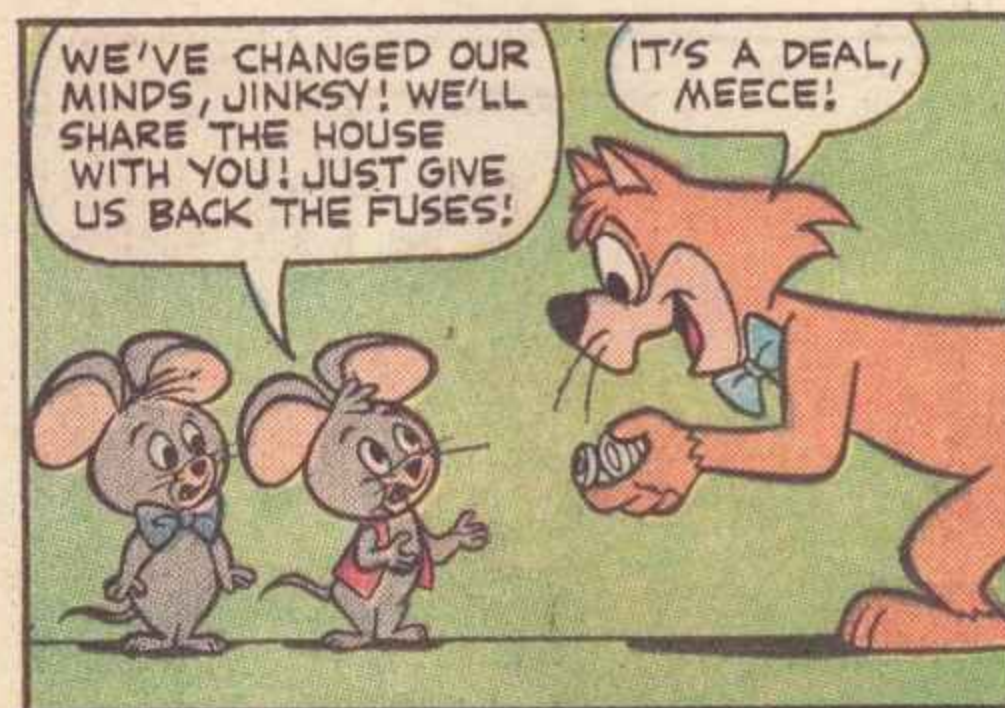
LATER...

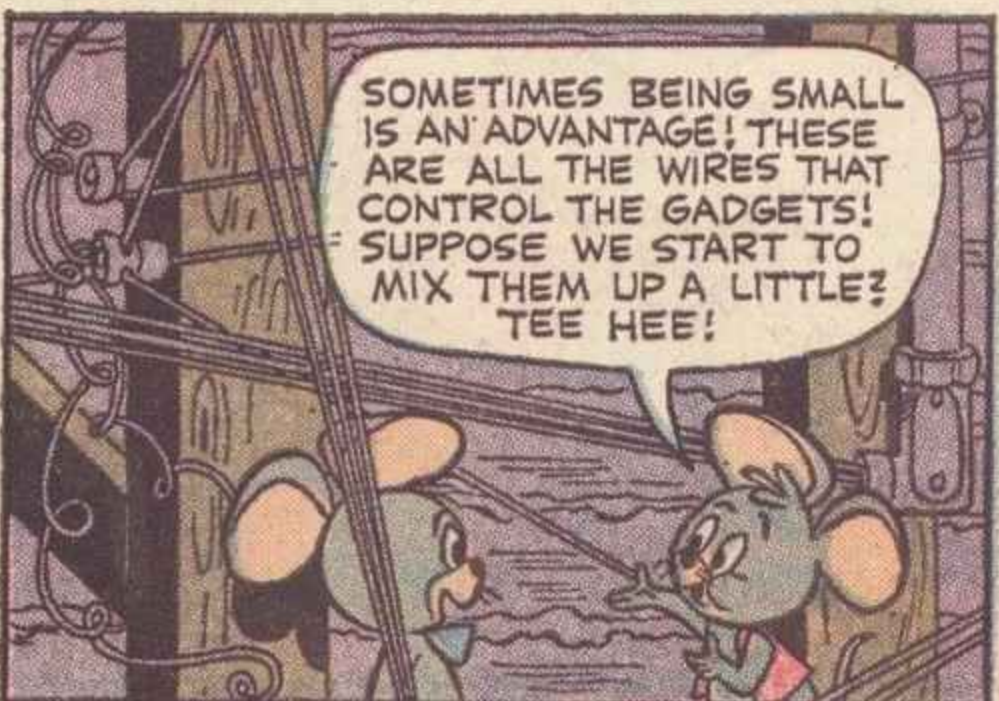
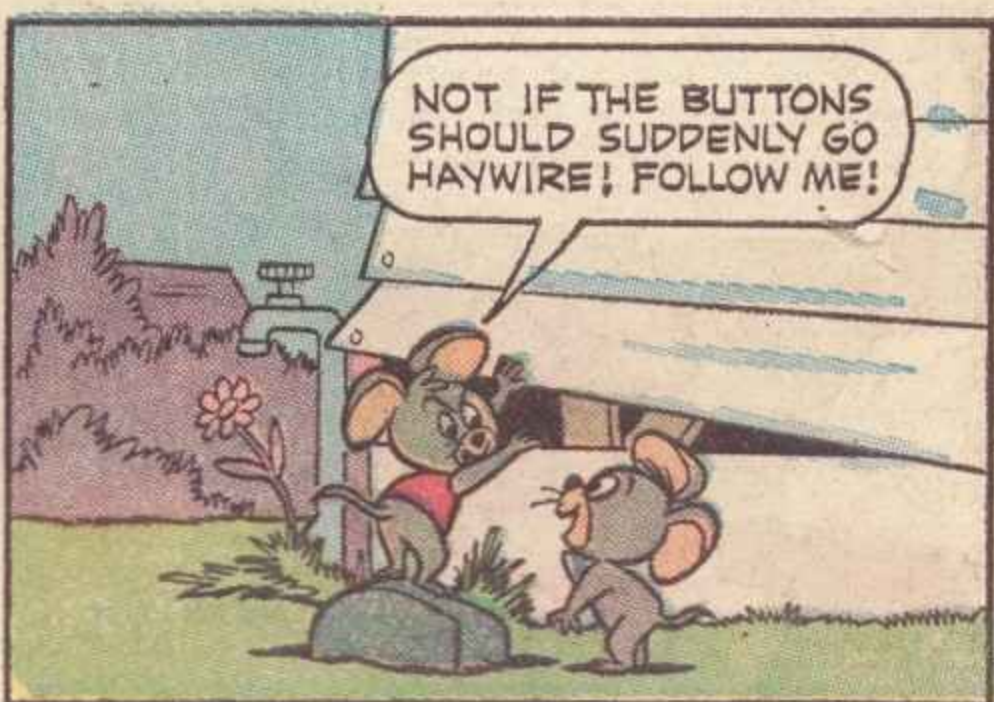


SOON...











Hanna-Barbera *Huckleberry Hound*

BEYOND THE YUKON











